

CHARIVARIA.

THE EARL MARSHAL has issued an official list of Standard Bearers for the Westminster Abbey procession. Some disappointment has been caused in Carmelite House by the omission of a Standard Bread Bearer.

New regulations have been made concerning the wearing of foreign orders by British subjects. Meanwhile commercial men complain bitterly of the difficulty of obtaining this kind of order.

An airman who gave an exhibition of flying at Canton was threatened with murder by the superstitious populace, and his aeroplane was hacked to pieces and burned. The attitude of our War Office towards aviation compares very favourably with this.

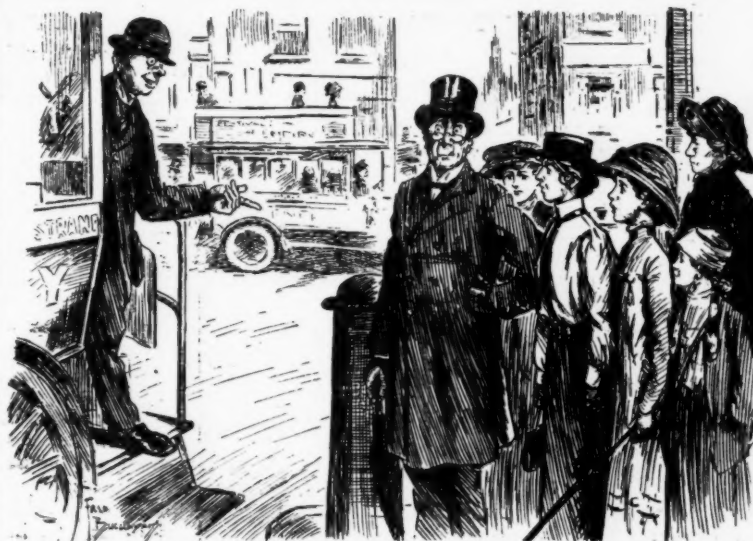
The Women's Social and Political Union has presented a cup to the three-months-old son of the Lord Mayor of DUBLIN, who accompanied his parents when they came to London on the occasion of the presentation to the House of Commons of a petition in favour of Women's Suffrage. The young fellow's age is, of course, considerably below the average of those who are in favour of the proposed reform.

Not a few British workmen felt, when the outline of the Insurance Bill was published, that "there must be a catch in it somewhere." It now turns out that they were right. It appears that when one of them falls out of employment a Labour Exchange will try its best to find him another job before he gets the insurance money.

"Riot at a London Exhibition!" shouted an itinerant vendor of newspapers. An old gentleman hurried up and bought a copy. It was some time before he found the item of news referred to, and he was very angry indeed when he came across it. It was in an advertisement:—

"SUPERB ILLUMINATIONS.
RIOT OF COLOUR."

The following letter appears in *The Express*:—"Sir, may I ask if any of your readers could give me any information, or name of the artist, of an unsigned oil painting which has been in my family for more than fifty years:—Size, 24 ins. by 19½ ins.; subject, moonlight scene, three men wearing red caps in a boat on a river; bridge over river, and an old church or castle in the background?—D." The



The Pirate (who has tried every other way of attracting Fare). "COME ON, SIR, NAH FOR SALT-LAKE CITY."

sting for the painter, of course, is in the words "church or castle."

The following conversation is alleged to have taken place at the office of a well-known theatrical booking agent:—

CUSTOMER—"What's on at the Prince of Wales' Theatre now?"

CLERK—"Better not enquire."

CUSTOMER—"Oh, is it like that, eh? I'll have two stalls."

Notices have been placed in all Berlin tramcars requesting women to wear guards on their hat-pins. In spite of this, a lady who stuck one of her hat-pins into the guard of a tramcar was held not to have complied with the requirement of the notice.

"Pigs that pay" is the title of a paragraph in a contemporary. These, surely, may be seen any day at a fashionable restaurant.

The choice of a title is often a difficult matter, and *The Observer*, in chronicling the fact that some pick-pockets who had relieved the Mayor of Shoreditch of his watch had subsequently returned it to his worship, was not quite so happy as usual when it headed the paragraph "Honour among Thieves."

"My son belongs to the 'Woodpeckers,'" complained a father at the Highgate Police Court. "They pool their earnings, and spend the week-end in the woods, smoking, sleeping, and playing cards." We are glad to be informed that this society is not a junior branch of another called "The Oakum-pickers."

The question of having statues in our parks is being well discussed. The latest suggestion is that, anyhow, such memorials should be restricted to British personages, and exception has been taken to the statue in Hyde Park of that foreign notability, Achilles.

BUMPY.

He is lazy, and lies on the mat;
He owns no affectionate habits;
He would never look twice at a rat,
Or be roused by the running of rabbits.

He gives me no answering bark
When I cheerily "Towzer" or
"Rover" him;
That means, when the passage is dark,
That a fellow is apt to fall over him.
When—as often—he gets in my way,
I'm afraid I accost him with curses,
Saying things that a bard mustn't say
In respectable family verses.

Though he makes no reply when I speak
This omission no rudeness confesses,
For his voice is confined to a squeak
Which proceeds from his inner recesses.

And, regarding his fear of a rat,
Well—it's scarcely our place to upbraid him,
For his teeth were forgotten, and that
Was the fault of the German who made him!

And there's this to be said: he don't bite,

Whatsoever inducement there may be;

And to us what he does is all right,
For he's "Bumpy," beloved of Baby!

OF FANCY DRESSING.

FORGIVE me, Thomas, if I wore last night
A touch of *hauteur* in my lifted nose
While I was prancing on a toe once light,
Fantastic once, and now in silken hose
Recalling memories of the golden time
Of our resilient prime.

Forgive me if I looked you up and down
As one who rudely questions, "What is this?"
You were a Pierrot (were you not?), or clown?
Something, at any rate, that went amiss
With my superb costume that spoke a taste
How exquisitely chaste!

I was a bit above myself, I own;
I felt it due to my historic part
To take the mincing supercilious tone
Which, as I gathered from a coloured chart,
Characterised a dandy of the days
Of the late Louis XIII.

But that was not the only reason, no!
Some shock had wrought in me a mental change;
I, with my manly scorn of outward show,
Had caught an itch for colours rich and strange;
I meant, as any woman might, to see
How beauteous I could be.

I, who had never sought my tailor's lair
Save at the call of decency—I passed
A solid month selecting what to wear,
A fortnight trying on, and, when at last
The thing came home, three hours or thereabout
Rigging my person out.

You too, my Thomas, though you walk the town
Clad unobtrusively in something dark,
Yet in the guise of Pierrot (or a clown?)
You saw yourself as matter for remark;
Though commonplace enough 'twas only bought
After a lot of thought.

We prate at large of women's love of dress,
Their craving after gawds and fancy gear,
But, had we half the chances they possess,
Our vanity would find the strain severe;
We should do nothing all the time but play
The jaunty popinjay.

O. S.

"—was fined 5s. and costs for travelling in a third-class carriage with a third-class ticket."—*Lancashire Daily Post*.

First-class ticket-holders on the District Railway will not be surprised to hear that this is now illegal. The feeling against it has been very marked for years.

"The figure fiends, when they started to make averages as the beginning and end of the game, little knew what they were wroughing for 'First Class' cricket."—*The Observer*.
The perfect participle at last.

"Harmonious Comedians. Introducing their own Version of Goldsmith's Celebrated Song—'Blow, Blow thou Winter Wind.'"—*Advt. in "The Scotsman."*
And apparently their own version of the authorship.

"Mr. A. V. Hambro, M.P. (plush), beat Mr. G. Tahourdin, Press Gallery (14), by 6 and 4."—*Morning Leader*.

MR. TAHOURDIN (Harris Tweeds) doesn't seem to have struck quite so soft a thing as he might have hoped for.

MY AUNT'S INSURANCE.

My Aunt Harriet has practically decided—she says "practically," because, as she adds with considerable truth, many details have yet to be settled, and you can never be quite sure until the last moment—she has, I say, practically decided to insure her plate and jewelry against burglary. She has lived in her present house for more than twenty years, and there has never been even the remotest suspicion of a burglary in the whole district, but that, as my Aunt says, only makes it the more probable that there will be one in the immediate future. Burglars, she observes, are a crafty lot, and must be getting ready to pounce on a fat neighbourhood hitherto unattempted.

My Aunt's first step—she took it on my suggestion—was to write to an insurance agent, with whom she has since had an extensive correspondence of a highly technical character. The effect of my Aunt's letters on the agent can only be faintly surmised. The effect of his upon her has been to plunge her into a vortex of confusion and despair. As one possibility after another was opened up to her mind, she began to conceive the world as one vast and infamous conspiracy designed to deprive her of every scrap of her silver and to unjewel her, if I may say so, down to her last amethyst. Nor has her gloom been at all mitigated by the revelation of a long list of substantial companies prepared to compensate her (on terms) for every imaginable sort of loss. She has begun to fear that, after all, there may never be a burglary in her house, "and then what good will it all have done me? I shall have paid immense sums for nothing. Now in life insurance it is different. You must die some day, you know, and then the company must pay up, and you can have the satisfaction of leaving the money to someone. But you can't count on burglars, now can you? Though, mind you, I'm morally certain we shall have a burglary here, and that's why I want to insure."

"Quite right, my dear Aunt," said I; "let's hear what the agent says."

"That's just it," said my Aunt morosely. "Here is the letter in which he says he will give me a list of some of the better companies taking 'this class of risk.' What does the man mean by 'risk'? That's their look-out, not mine. I'm not going to pay them a penny more because they choose to talk of it as 'risk.' There's no risk in it either in such a safe neighbourhood as this. I was very particular to tell him all about it, and then he writes about 'risk.' Pooh! Besides, isn't it their business? And business people oughtn't to talk about risk to a business woman. However, I see through all their dodges, and they shan't bamboozle me." I smoothed her down and we proceeded.

"Now the 'Irish Orphans Insurance Society,'" said my Aunt, "sounds very attractive. It is a touching name, and I should like to deal with them. But what in heaven's name is the use of mentioning it to me? I'm not Irish and never was—haven't a drop of Irish blood in my veins, and never gave him the least reason to suppose I had; so that's out of the question. Then there's the 'Accountants' and Auditors' Reliability.' Respectable enough, I dare say; but how can a woman be an accountant or an auditor? At any rate, I know I'm not one, and it's a mere waste of ink and paper to write about it. 'The British Accident and Burglary Guarantee Corporation' is the only one that's at all suitable."

"Well," said I, "what do they offer?"

"They," said my Aunt, "make a variety of offers, but the best is ten per cent. Now if I insure for £2,000—and the jewels alone are worth that—I shall be getting, let me see—there are twenty hundreds in two thousand, and ten



THE IMPERIAL DEFENCE CLUB.

BRITISH LION. "ONE OF THE BEST BATS IN MY TEAM; BUT A BIT INCLINED TO PLAY HIS OWN GAME."

[Mr. FISHER, the Labour Premier of the Australian Commonwealth, has informed the Press that his mission to the Imperial Conference does not include an instruction to commit his Government to a share in any general scheme of Imperial Defence.]

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Indignant Stranger (mistaking Visitor for the Proprietor). "HERE! COMING THROUGH YOUR GARDEN I'VE BEEN STUNG BY ONE OF YOUR CONFOUNDED BEES."

Visitor. "WHICH ONE! JUST YOU POINT IT OUT, SIR, AND I'LL DEAL WITH IT IMMEDIATELY."

twenties are two hundred; that's £200 a year, which is more or less satisfactory. But then he goes on to say that that will be £10, and so he confuses me again. And now that I look at it once more, he says ten *shillings* per cent., only he's written the 's' very small after the 10. I call that mean."

"Yes, but, Aunt, that's what *you've* got to pay, not what *they're* going to pay *you*. If you insure 'at any address in the U.K. with transit'—that's what the letter says—you'll have to pay 10s. per cent., and on £2,000 that comes to £10. You can't expect them to insure your plate and jewels and pay you an annuity into the bargain."

"No," said my Aunt, "perhaps not, but they shouldn't have led me to suppose they would. And what do they mean by 'any address in the U.K. with transit'? Isn't this address good enough for them? Surely they might know that a person of my age and responsibilities doesn't go gadding about the United Kingdom—and 'with transit,' too. Do they propose to pay for my railway tickets? If so, why not say so in clear language? And this is supposed to be a business nation! No wonder the Germans—" But what my Aunt said about the Germans is not evidence. When I last heard from her she was still engaged in discussing debatable points with the unfortunate agent.

An admirer of Lord BEACONSFIELD writes: "I see in the papers that Mr. Balfour said after his flight that a little more would have made him dizzy." "The little more and how much it is!"

"English lady teacher desires Japanese puppies, four or five to form a class."—*Advt. in "North China Daily News."* Fortunately, just before the hounds began to arrive, the important word was corrected to "pupils."

A HAUNTING FACE.

My physiognomy has never struck me as being in any way commonplace. Yet it is extraordinary what likenesses are seen in me by enthusiastic acquaintances, and even friends. There are few people among those it has been my privilege to meet in life, who have not at least one close relation, cousin, step-father, or what not, of whom I am the very living image. Disinterested persons have also traced in my expression characteristics suggestive of great men in the present and the past, *e.g.*, Lords ROSEBERRY and HALDANE, BONAPARTE, and M. PÉLISSIER. Nobody, curiously enough, has, up to the time of writing, recognised any of my features in CROMWELL's head. But I am young yet.

Well, the climax came a few nights ago. I met a really charming woman, who in due course put to me the now familiar question: "Who *is* it that you remind me of so much?" I promptly tendered her a catalogue of the celebrities and others I have at various times resembled—but none would satisfy her. A sudden thought made me pause, and, in my turn, I regarded her with a searching look. Yes, the face was undoubtedly familiar. I felt a conviction that I had sat out a dance with that face somewhere in my historic past. As I gave her the answer to her question my eyes sparkled with an affection she must have considered hard to explain. Here, at last, was one who had seen in me *some* resemblance—a passing fancy, no doubt, but still *some* resemblance—to myself!

"Common whiting, moistened with water, applied immediately and in a few minutes washed off, will prevent pain and swelling from following the sting of a bee or wasp."—*Liverpool Daily Post.* It is essential that the whiting should have its tail in its mouth.

THE RACONTEUR.

THERE are wild parts of the world, I am led to understand, where, if one man treads on another man's toe, a six-shooter is produced and the offender shot on the spot. In England the punishment is subtler but no less severe.

I trod on the toe of Dixon, a business acquaintance, coming out of the lift at South Kensington Station, but it is only fair to myself to say that I should have trodden exactly where I did, even if Dixon's toe had not been there.

"I am sorry," I said.

"You will be sorry, you mean," he answered, laughing. Dixon's laugh generally portends the worst to those who know his idea of a jest. "You will be sorry young man, for I am going to give thee a clout across the face."

I observed him narrowly, and he explained.

"You know the story of the Yorkshireman in London, who said, 'You will be sorry, young man, for I am going to give thee a clout across the face.' Have I never told it you?"

Unfortunately, I was not in a position truthfully to say that he had.

"The Yorkshireman," he continued, "who came up to London to see the final of the football cup at the Crystal Palace. Or was he a Lancashireman? Let me see."

I had trodden on his toe at 5.15 P.M. The story of the "clout across the face" had begun at 5.16 P.M. (approx.), and from 5.17 to 5.25 P.M. he was still seeing, out loud; eight minutes by Greenwich mean time, but a long period of years to my way of thinking. At 5.30 P.M. it was agreed to assume that the fellow was a Yorkist.

"Well, whatever he was," pursued Dixon, "he had come up to London by a cheap trip to go to the Crystal Palace. Just outside Euston . . ."

"Yes," I said hastily, observing him pause, "one can come from Yorkshire as well as from Lancashire to Euston, if one really wants to. Probably your man had his own reasons for choosing the more circuitous route."

"Anyhow, whether it was Euston or King's Cross, he was just outside it, when a young man, hurrying round a corner, ran into him."

"The young man can't have been in

such a hurry as all that," I murmured, "for it has taken him nearly twenty minutes to do it."

"What's that?" asked Dixon.

"Nothing, nothing," I answered.

"I was only just repeating it to myself to be sure that I had the details right. Well, I suppose the young man said he was sorry?"

"No. The young man was coming round the corner don't you see? Then he ran into the Yorkshireman, and, being a decent sort of fellow, stopped and apologised and asked if any harm

Laughing uproariously, Dixon proceeded with the narrative. "You are sorry?" said the Yorkshireman, towering above him, for he was a great burly fellow. "You will be sorry, young man, for I am going to give thee a clout across the face."

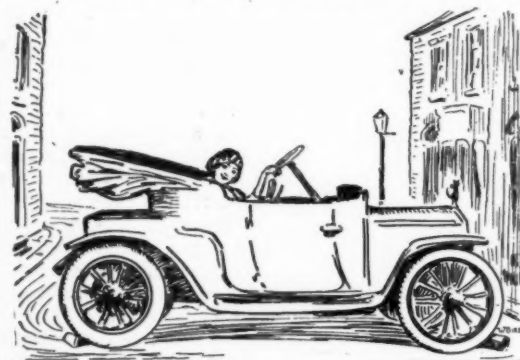
I stopped dead, and Dixon, having gone a few paces ahead, came back to ask me what was the matter.

"Forgive me," I murmured apologetically, "but your last remark took me a little by surprise."

ADVICE TO POPULAR ACTRESSES.



WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN "YOUR FAVOURITE MOTOR" DON'T WEAR A LARGE HAT AND SIT UP;



BUT PUT ON THE SMALLEST HAT YOU'VE GOT AND SIT ON THE FLOOR; IT MAKES THE CAR LOOK MORE IMPRESSIVE.

had been done. But the other was not going to leave it at that. Drawing himself up to his full height, and he was a great big navvy, he towered over the unfortunate young man who had run into him . . .

"As he hurried leisurely round his corner," I put in.

" . . . and said, 'Young man,' he said. No; half a minute. I haven't got it quite right."

I led Dixon into a side street and got the matter put in order. The young man had said, it appeared on cross-examination, that he was sorry. That point cleared up, we pressed on again.

MR. BAMBERGER'S CHEVELURE.

REASSURING REPORT.

THE sensational rumours to which currency has been given in the press as to the condition of the chevelure of Mr. BAMBERGER, the famous pianist, have naturally caused great anguish to his countless friends and admirers in both hemispheres.

We are more than glad therefore to be able to publish the following highly reassuring *pronunciamiento* issued by Mr. Drysham Pugh, the famous capillary specialist who has subjected Mr. BAMBERGER to an exhaustive examination.

Mr. Pugh writes as follows:

"I found that, as the result of the continuous nervous strain involved in giving fifty recitals in two months, there was distinctive evidence of partial thrombosis of the metatarsal follicles of the occiput, complicated by a slight failure of the processes of pigmentation. I at once prescribed a course of radium baths followed by the application of a lotion in which an infusion of *Eucalyptus gomphocephala* was a prime constituent, with the most beneficial results. Upon

examination to-day I found that all traces of fluorescence had been eliminated from the occiput, while the follicles had resumed their normal splendour, thus restoring to Mr. BAMBERGER his full power of capillary attraction. The rumour that he would be obliged to wear a wig is a dastardly falsehood which can only be attributed to the malevolent invention of some disappointed rival."

Sir POMPEY BOLDERO, Mr. BAMBERGER's father-in-law, is celebrating this auspicious recovery by a reception in Belgrave Square, at which Mrs. BAMBERGER will recite "Balder Dead."



I.

"AH, MY BOY, HERE'S ONE THING AT LEAST THAT BELONGS TO THE DEAR OLD DAYS OF ENGLAND'S DIGNITY. THANK HEAVENS THEY CAN'T SPOIL THAT!"



II.

"WHAT THE —?"

STUDIES IN THE HIGHER JOURNALISM.

[Mr. James Douglas on Himself.]

"He fills me with speechful admiration—he dazzles me with superhuman radiance. Each day I know him more and every moment I know him less.

He does not merely write; he blazes a cannonade of stinging shrapnel. He hurls smashing hyperbole and paradox. He maims, tears, and riddles you with a tornado of words. He mixes metaphor with Mephistophelian subtlety; he mines and countermines his allusions with dynamitic devilry. You gasp in the swirl of his sentences like a drowning cat in a maelstrom. You are buffeted by blinding adjectives; you cling to a straw of commonplace; you are flung off by a surging antithesis; you are dashed into mewling pulp on a dragon-toothed epigram—you sink in a vortex of verbs.

But, an he will, he can woo you as gently as any sucking dove. He is sensuous and languorous as a slice of turtle dreaming in a silver basin of

amber and saffron soup. He croons like a rhinoceros flushed with immortal desire. He drowns you with viscid words that coil on your senses like golden syrup on amorous suet. He is more hungry for love than a broody hen alone on an iceberg. He cajoles like a sorceress steeped in the incense of petrol. He swoons like a mangold-wurzel drugged with cinnamon and myrrh. He exhales passion in gusts that smite you as the passionate draught smites you in tube station passages.

He is more embryonic than the yoke of a roc's egg, and yet more final than an editor's compliments. He is more modern than the aeroplane, and yet more ancient than a neolithic golliwog. He is monk or benedict; as ascetic as a charcoal biscuit, or more Dad than Bagdad itself.

He is Westminster Abbey, the Moulin Rouge, the top of the Himalayas, and the bottom of a quart pot. He can make an epic out of the passing of a motor-bus. He squeezes wine or vitriol out of sterile banality. He takes Life in both hands and bites it in half.

He is the ROOSEVELT of Adjective-riders, the War Lord of verbiage. He strips MEREDITH, and leaves CARLYLE naked and shivering. He is MILTON transcended, and GOETHE and SHAKESPEARE translated in heavenly choirs of words.

He is too modest to say more."

The Journalistic Touch.

"The next day Dr. Griffin was homeward bound with nearly a thousand souls under his medical charge."—*Western Daily Mercury*.

Where was the chaplain?

"In the House of Lords, yesterday, the N.E.R. Bill was read a third time."

Amos: the Bill's read a third time in the House of Lords last night was the North-Eastern Railway Bill.

This appears in a column in the *Illustrated Chronicle* headed "Flotsam and Jetsam." Later on, to remove any lingering doubt, we are told:—

"Among the Bills read a third time in the House of Lords last night was the North-Eastern Railway Bill."

It certainly seems a case for either flotsam or jetsam.

THE ADVENTURER.

CHAPTER I.

JASPER FOURTOES gnawed the ends of his moustache and scowled gloomily. The Countess whom he had been blackmailing for the last three years had died suddenly—as luck would have it, on the very day on which her monthly instalment was due. There seemed to be nothing between him and beggary but honest work. Shrugging his shoulders slightly he picked up the daily paper and ran his eyes over it cynically.

Suddenly he started back with a hoarse cry of triumph. Once more Fate had stepped in at the psychological moment.

"BY-ELECTION IN NORTH SOUTHSHIRE"

were the magic words which had caught his eye. Mr. Samuel Boodle had at last been appointed to the post in the Civil Service for which his subsizarship at Downing College in 1873 had long marked him out, and his retirement from the House of Commons had brought about the first electoral contest since the establishment of Payment of Members.

"Ha," said Jasper sardonically to himself, "eet is well. Ha, oh, ha!" He lit an expensive cigarette and laughed coarsely. "My luck is in," he muttered. "Four hundred a year, Jasp, you sinner, be dashed to you!"

Drawing on his pumps and slipping into his fur-lined coat, he left the room, and with long panther-like strides made his way rapidly to the station.

CHAPTER II.

"You say you have called to solicit my vote," said Mr. Pennywaite plaintively, "but you won't tell me your views. Are you for or against Free Trade?"

"Hist," said Jasper, putting a finger to his lips. "Are we alone?"

"Of course we are," said Mr. Pennywaite. "Can't you see?"

Jasper rose from his seat and stole to the door. He stood there silently for a moment, his fingers grasping the handle, then turned it suddenly and flung the door open. The hall was empty.

"Don't do it," said Mr. Pennywaite testily. "What's the matter with the man?"

Jasper returned to his chair.

"I had feared that there were eaves-droppers," he explained. "One cannot be too careful. Now I am ready to listen to you."

"I asked if you were for or against Free Trade. I don't see how you can

expect me to vote for you without knowing that."

Jasper lit a cigar and leant forward impressively.

"Neither," he said, blowing out a cloud of smoke. "Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say 'Both.'"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"What do the people want?" said Jasper cynically. "You know this part of the country; I don't. Which goes down best? Once I know that, I shall preach accordingly, and they will vote for me."

"But, my dear Sir, you seem to forget that there is an official Tariff Reformer and an official Free Trader in the field already. Why shouldn't the electors vote for them?"

"I had forgotten it," cried Jasper, with a terrible start. "I had read so much in the papers about adventurers snapping up seats when once Members were paid that I began to think that there was never more than one candidate for a constituency. It is a fact that there are these two other men." He scowled and lit another cigar. "Even if I remove them," he added darkly, "two others would take their places."

"The point is," said Mr. Pennywaite, "have you anything to offer that they haven't?"

"Yes," said Jasper suddenly and desperately. "This." He produced a loaded revolver from his pockets and pressed it to the temple of the other. "Now, then, I want a thousand pounds. I have just remembered that I had forgotten something else. I had quite forgotten that there were such things as election expenses. Hand over quickly—for, by Heaven, I am in no mood for trifling."

"My good man," said Mr. Pennywaite, "don't be so silly. I haven't even got a hundred pounds."

"Then you must borrow it for me. The interest is certain; I shall have my four hundred a year, and I will pay you eighty pounds a year while you live. Quick, I am desperate—your promise, or I shoot!"

"You fool," said Mr. Pennywaite, "you've forgotten something else. There is a general election every four years. So, even if they keep on electing you, which is extremely unlikely once they know the sort of man you are, you'd want—"

But Jasper didn't want anything just then. He had swooned.

CHAPTER III.

A month later, in London, Jasper Fourtoes was gloomily surveying two

sets of figures. The first set went like this:—

| | |
|------------------------|-------|
| Sir THOMAS BILTON (L.) | 4,837 |
| Capt. PADDOCK (U.) | 4,695 |
| JASPER FOURTOES (Ind.) | 3 |

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| L. majority over U. | 142 |
| L. majority over Ind. | 4,834 |
| L. majority over all parties | 139 |

No change.

The second set of figures went like this:—

| Debit. | £ s. d. | Credit. |
|---|----------|---|
| To sundry expenses | 834 6 11 | To cash value of enhanced prospects of success at next Election due to fact of having stood before, say - - - 9d. |
| To damage by eggs and similar arguments | 15 15 0 | |
| Total | 850 1 11 | |

Jasper studied these figures long and earnestly as he gloomily chewed his moustache. Then he shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigar.

"The adventurer's life is not what it was," he said with a sigh. "Sometimes I think that even on the Stock Exchange there is more doing." A. A. M.

THE LITTLE HEN.

A WAYSIDE SKETCH.

NEVER will there be a more sudden or inexplicable accident. At the one second I was booming at a reasonable pace down a naked white road which ran straight and utterly empty of traffic for the whole of a mile. At the next second the brakes had torn the bloom off forty pounds' worth of tyres. A man had appeared in the middle of the road literally from nowhere, holding up a horror-stricken hand which appeared to contain bread, and pointing with the other to an unexpected hen that lay dead in the dust ten yards behind.

He was wearing striped socks and carried his boots in the other hand. On reflection, I see that my momentary fancy that the person was lunching upon bread and boots was a wrong and ill-considered fancy.

He wore a black straw hat which was turning iron-grey; a cricket blazer striped in three colours, that had been chocolate, yellow and red, but from which quite half the stripes had vanished; corduroy trousers that had once been green and somehow made you think of railway stations; and a beard grown in two colours, blood-orange and dun, with a touch of lemon at the edges. He looked at me through wooden-framed spectacles.

He said, "Pardon me, Sir—my little hen is dead." He raised his hat—the brim of it. I had not noticed until then that the crown was kept on by elastic passing under his chin. "Permit me to examine the little hen, Sir."

He bent over the body for a moment, spoke to it without getting a reply, tried to bribe it to wake with a piece of bread, and, finding this inspired effort at resuscitation unsuccessful, furtively wiped away a tear, and came back to me.

Then he raised his brim again.

"The little hen is dead," he said, and sobbed slightly. Then he closed both his eyes and pressed his hands over his face, having put his bread into his pocket from which it fell into the road—through a hole like the hole of the bottomless pit. He picked it up, lightly brushed the dust from it with his sleeve, and held it in his hand during the remainder of the interview.

"My little companion!" he said. He had an educated voice. "I used to build it a little roost at my feet every night," he added sadly.

I felt horribly ashamed, and thought of the prisoner who tamed a spider.

His beard trembled.

"She was all I had, Sir . . . that hen—that little stolen fowl . . . Stolen, Sir. I stole her from a farm in Kent. This is my punishment. For fourteen hundred miles we have been companions in adversity—walking the same roads, sharing the same shelter of the hedge in storm, the same crust in hunger, the same rivulets in thirst."

He looked thoughtfully at the bread in his hand.

"Sir, this means starvation to me. I bartered an egg for half a loaf yesterday . . . half a loaf and a handful of corn. But now . . . there will be no more eggs." His lips moved silently. Then he spoke again.

"It would be unfair to expect you to realise *quite* all that little bird meant to me, Sir . . . unfair and an admission of gross vanity. And yet . . . every man, I suppose, possesses his little hen, something to love, to protect, to indulge. Weak, illogical, wayward, perhaps . . . but with its charm. . . ."

"That little hen once saved my life. And once I saved hers. You will see there were ties above the ordinary."

He lifted one foot, and I saw that he did not wear soles on his socks.

"I will journey on—into the infinite . . . alone," he said, in little more than a whisper, and at the same time slipped on a boot.

"Alone . . . penniless."

He lifted the greater part of the fowl and kissed it.

"Forgive this display of feeling," he



GOUTY AND GRIMLY HUMOROUS OLD GENTLEMAN WIRES TO HIS DOCTOR.



Doctor's Wife (reading telegram). "IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN A PRETTY FOOT AND ANKLE, COME OVER THIS EVENING."

muttered. "Pardonable—perhaps—Frenchmen. But we English. . . ."

He slipped on the other boot. The majority of the hen dangled from his hand as he stared across the distant downs into the sunset.

"How lonely are the uplands!" he said suddenly.

I fumbled.

"If a half-sovereign—" I began, and hesitated.

Tears sprang to his eyes, blurring the spectacles.

"What can I say or do? I am poor," he cried, "and a coward. I dare not refuse."

He stood for a second in an attitude of deep dejection. I pressed the money into his hand.

Then suddenly his face lighted up.

"She is all I have in the world," he

said bravely, "and I will commit her into your hands."

He stepped forward and laid the hen tenderly on the floor of the car. Then, nodding blindly, he stood clear of the car to watch me go. He removed his brim and remained standing, desolate and downcast, until I was out of sight.

It was a queer little incident—touching in its way. I showed my wife the little hen that night.

"You'd better let John bury it," she said. "It is a sad little story—if you have a bad cold in the head. I haven't. This hen has been dead at least a fortnight."

"The Cranleigh School XI. put up a record last year with 14 runs out of 16 games."—*The Observer*.

The competition for the average bat must have been very keen.



Voice from the tee. "WHY DON'T YOU GO AND HELP YOUR OPPONENT FIND HIS BALL!"
Man in the way. "OH, HIS BALL'S ALL RIGHT; IT'S HERE. HE'S LOOKING FOR HIS DRIVER!"

BOND STREET.

LAVENDER fresh are your looks,
 Bond Street, in May-time;
 London that's laid down her books,
 London in playtime;
 Sunlit eleven o'clock,
 Jack, ay, and Jill,
 Furbelow, feather and frock,
 Fashion and frill!

Lilac'd and lawned go your girls,
 So many Graces,
 Soft as the dawn, or the pearls
 Caught in their laces;
 Lo, it was Celia laughed
 Silver afar;
 Here breathed a violet waft,
 There a cigar!

Men who are fêted and fed,
 Folk who've come croppers,
 Men who fill lions with lead,
 Surbiton shoppers;
 Thus does the whirligig go
 Blithe as a bell;
 Soothly it seems that your show
 Runs rather well.

Yet on this Monday you've more—
 How shall I term it?—
Éclat than ever before,
 Yes, I affirm it;

Why so, I hardly can say,
 Saving 'tis that
 Dolly is up for the day,
 Getting a hat!

NOVELTIES AT THE ACADEMY.

No, I am not speaking of the present Exhibition, but the next. And even then I don't hope for anything really new. But if only some of our artists, for a change, would borrow the motives and ideals of other artists! I can't help thinking this would freshen things up a bit. For instance:—

| Artist. | Subject. |
|---------------------------|---|
| W.L. WYLLIE, R.A. | Her First Socks. |
| Sir LUKE FILDES, R.A. | Night Hymn at Sea. |
| Sir HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A. | Diana surprised by the Elders. |
| GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A. | Susanna surprised by the Actæons. |
| H.S. TUKE, A.R.A. | Portrait of the Editor of <i>The Tailor and Cutter</i> in full dress. |
| C. SIMS, A.R.A. | Buckingham Palace (painted from a photograph). |

B.W. LEADER, R.A. "What is his Other Eye Doing?"—profile study of a Horse-dealer.
 The Hon. JOHN COLLIER Study in Still Life—Brazil Nuts and a Doulton Vase.

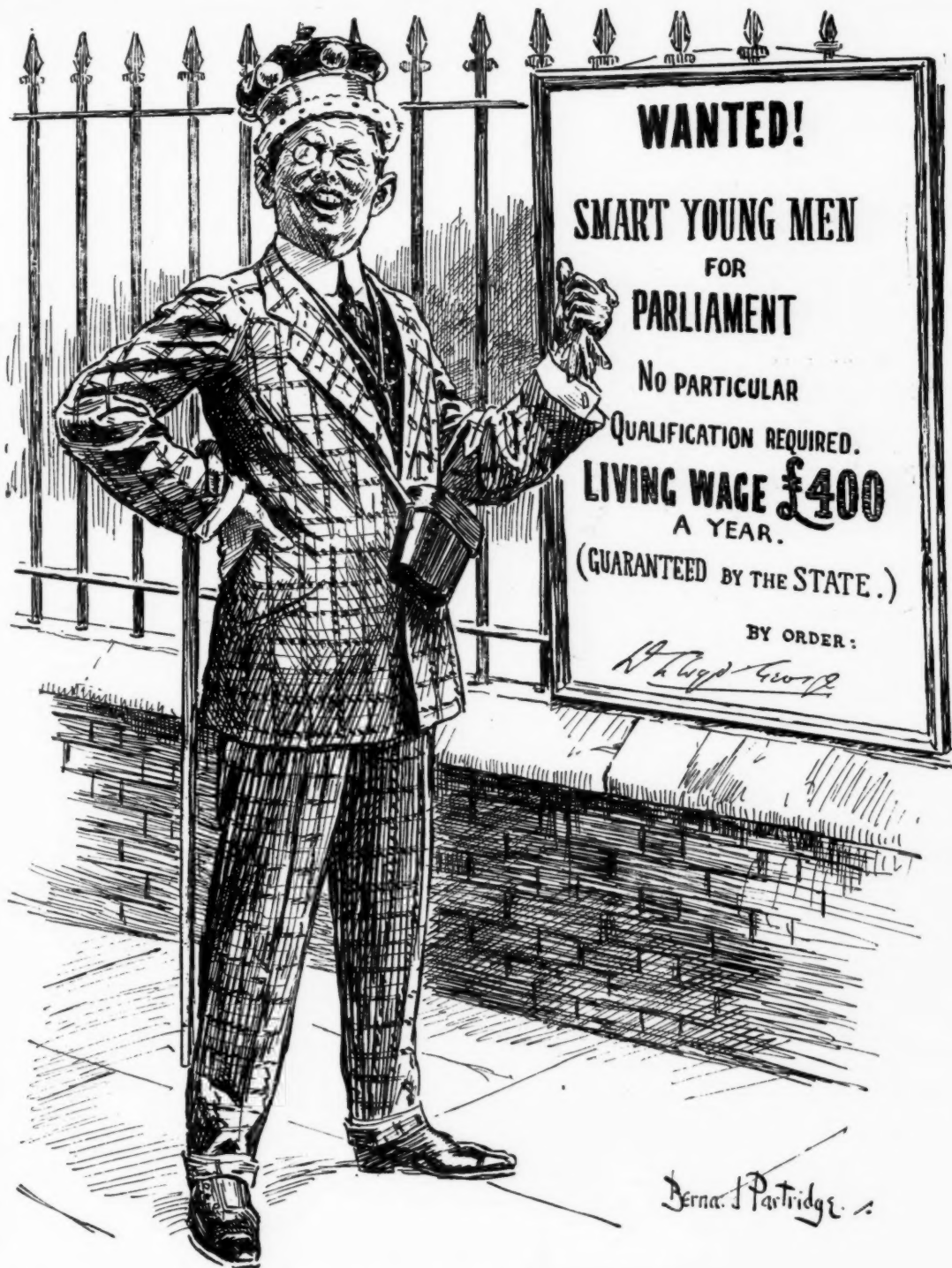
HERBERT SCHMALZ Silver Birches.
 YEEND KING Lions at Bay.
 BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A. Eventide in Rotten Row.

FRANK CRAIG. "Every Nice Girl Loves a Sailor."
 Sir W. P. RICHMOND, R.A. Sailing Ships on the Round Pond.
 MARCUS STONE, R.A. Portrait of His Worship the Mayor of High Marketown, in his Mayoral Chain and Robes.

Sir ALFRED EAST, A.R.A. Coster Girls Dancing.
 GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A. Bringing Daddy's Slippers.

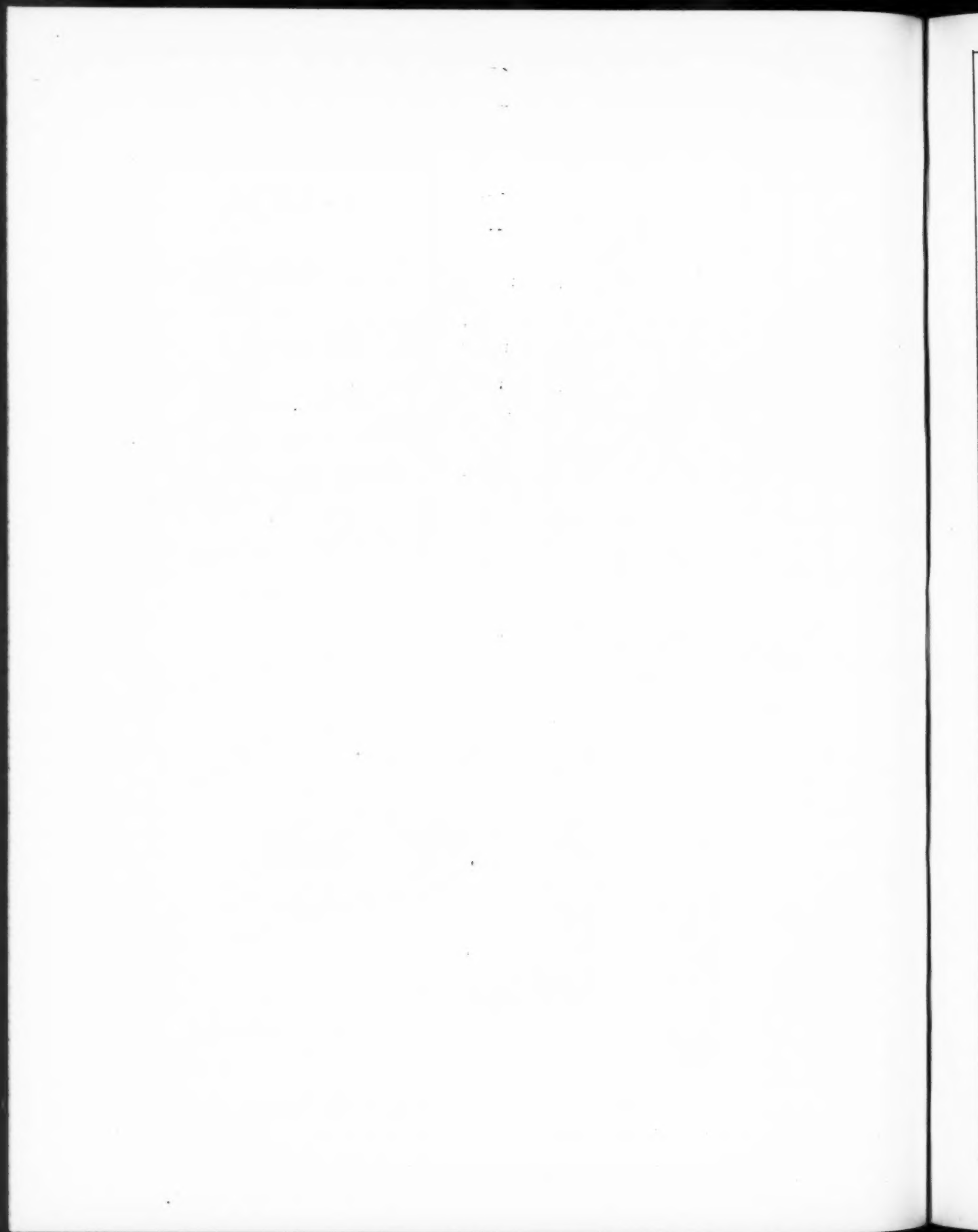
J.S. SARGENT, R.A. Southend-on-Sea: study of high tea with shrimps.

A. S. COPE, R.A. Vision of Seraphim.



THE NEW PROFESSION.

BACKWOODS PEER. "WELL, IF LANSDOWNE KICKS ME OUT I KNOW WHERE TO PUT IN FOR A PAYIN' JOB."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 15th.—"I am sure," said FITZALAN HOPE, rising to move rejection of Parliament Bill, "that I shall have the sympathy of the whole House—"

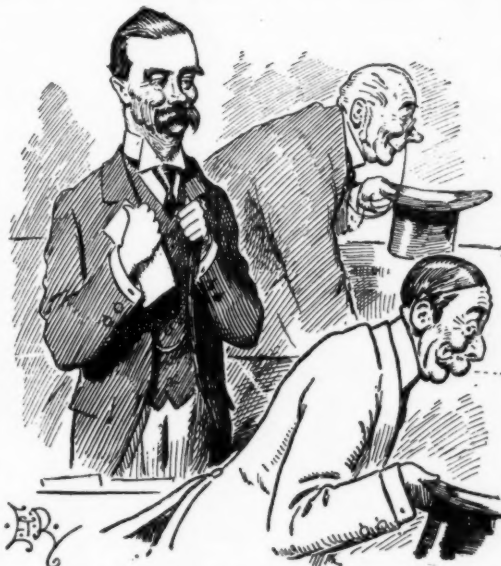
Assurance not falsified. Only, feeling of sympathy so acute that Members felt constrained to go forth and express it in fuller space of Lobby or in fresher air of Terrace. Amid bustle of departing throng the special ground of effective appeal not made clear. Select few who remained heard HOPE tell a flattering tale of his preference for "the newest, crudest, rawest American Western State Senate, with a row of spittoons along the floor"—he was a little particular about the spittoons—"rather than the House of Lords subject to this Veto Bill."

It was the last night of long, occasionally stubborn, fight round a Measure denounced by Opposition as an iniquitous attack on a sainted Constitution. Looking round the scene one wouldn't have thought it. Benches filled up when PREMIER, PRINCE ARTHUR, and WINSTON were on their legs, but for the rest remained half empty, their occupants altogether listless. Members eager only for the division that would put an end to wearisome marching and counter-marching varied by tedious talk.

F. E. SMITH, favoured with what looked like great opportunity, was selected to lead this last attack. Certainly had full audience. Somehow his blunderbuss missed fire. He might have been leading a minuet instead of a forlorn hope against an impregnable position. Too evident that no fiery furnace of righteous indignation glowed behind his immaculate shirt-front. No light of battle glared in his pensive eye. At intervals he furtively waved flag of truce. Occasionally he made curious gesture as if restraining disposition to obey the command, "Hands up," before it was uttered by the overbearing foe.

SARK has a story of a shipmate on a sea voyage who woke him every morning by giving orders from an adjoining berth for his bath. Concerned for its temperature he never omitted to say, "Not 'ot or else cold." Such was the precise temperature of F. E.'s speech. To put it more briefly, it was tepid.

Nor did the PREMIER or PRINCE ARTHUR succeed in lifting the House out of the doldrums. They, too, openly shared the general condition of boredom with the long-drawn-out discussion.



"HOPE DEFERRED" (TO ANOTHER OCCASION).

"Members felt constrained to go forth" (Mr. FITZALAN HOPE—the other persons portrayed being wholly imaginary from motives of delicacy.)

Both spoke with more than customary brevity; each commenced his speech by excusing himself from serving round ones more what CARLYLE



"He might have been leading a minuet instead of a forlorn hope."

(Mr. F. E. SMITH.)

genially, if vaguely, described as "thrice-boiled colewort" in the form of reiterated argument against or for the Bill.

Only WINSTON soared above prevailing dulness. His contribution to debate through long succession of sittings probably exceeded that of any other Member. Turned up now as fresh and vigorous as if he were making his first plunge into the salt estranging sea of controversy. Incidentally he got in one of the neatest retorts evoked in recent years in Parliamentary arena. On his remarking that under the Parliament Bill "the power of the Lords will not merely be effective but formidable, even menacing," a Voice from benches opposite contributed to argument the monosyllable "Rot!"

"An Honourable Member says 'Rot,'" remarked WINSTON with increasing winsomeness. "Doubtless it represents what is in his mind."

At eleven o'clock House filled up like Severn at coming of Bore. A throng peopled the Bar. Side galleries were filled. Glad consciousness shone on every face at certainty that, as the patron in the circus gallery commanded, we had "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." Amid growing excitement two divisions followed in swift succession. By the first F. E. SMITH's amendment rejecting the Bill was negatived by majority of six score. That seemed utmost that might be expected. Dividing on the main question, "that the Bill be read third time," ELIBANK went one better, bringing the majority up to 121.

A storm of cheering rose from Ministerial camp, whilst Mr. TURVEYDROP SWIFT MACNEILL gave timely lesson in deportment by rising and, with hat held at proper angle in right hand, bowing ceremoniously to vanquished host above Gangway.

Business done.—Parliament Bill triumphantly carried over last stage.

Tuesday.—In briefest Budget Speech of modern times LLOYD GEORGE expounds financial Scheme for the year. Figures stupendous. Enough to take away a man's breath, not to mention the money in his trouser pocket. Total income £181,716,000; total expenditure £181,284,000; result, as Mr. Micauber said when doing an analogous sum, happiness.

Item of additional expenditure, quarter of a million for payment of Members. Hereafter, if CHANCELLOR's scheme goes through, M.P.'s will be passing rich

on £400 a year. But will it? Certainly not if opposition, by no means confined to one side of House, be skilfully and resolutely led. Men who have closest at heart veneration and affection for Mother of Parliaments see in this proposal inevitable degradation. The voluble Carpet Bagger, hitherto partly restrained in search of a seat by knowledge that if he succeeds he must needs meet lodging and other domestic expenses out of his own pocket, will find difficulties vanish at magic touch of State payment. He and his kind will shoulder off the premises the class of men, by no means universally rich, who, honoured and bestowing honour, have raised House of Commons to its present stainless pinnacle.

Of course, if PREMIER makes proposal a question of confidence, a majority will be forthcoming, however reluctantly, to support it. But it is essentially a case in which private judgment of Members should be untrammelled by considerations of Party fealty. PRINCE ARTHUR, as leading Composite Opposition, should insist on Government Whips taking no official part in the decisive division.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Third night of debate, even more dolorous than greater part of that in Commons on Parliament Bill, on what Marquis of LANDSDOWNE calls the House of Lords' Reconstitution Bill. Looking down from Strangers' Gallery, catching here and there a sentence from dispirited speeches forlornly uttered, the visitor might well suppose the House had come to bury Cæsar not to reconstitute him.

Everyone, not least clearly the author of the Bill, knows it is a not altogether harmless delusion. On its forehead was written at birth the fatal words "Too late." Had it been introduced a couple of years ago, it might have served as basis of settlement between two political parties of long vexed question. In 1909 the Peers preferred to devote their available time to throwing out the Budget. That accomplished, what followed was as inevitable as it is irrevocable.

LANDSDOWNE's crown of sorrow is that, having devoted long labour, skilfully overcome much opposition privily demonstrated, his endeavour to save the situation does not call forth anything like enthusiasm on his own side. On the contrary there have been forthcoming during progress of debate rarely precedented signs of revolt against authority of Unionist Leader. Regarded as a national custom practised by others something may be said in favour of the custom of hara-kiri. But when the sword is placed in your hand and it

is your own carcass that is to be cut up the point of view is changed.

Business done.—Reconstitution Bill talked round and about.

House of Commons, Thursday.—MORRELL raised a nice and difficult question. Arose upon appointment of additional commissioners under Small Holdings Act and particulars of the Areas allotted them.

"Will each commissioner," he asked, "be obliged to reside in his area?"

Familiar fact that in well-ordered domestic establishments, the area (pertaining to the kitchen) is the domain of the Cook, open to occasional visits from the perambulatory policeman.



DOES MR. MORRELL "RESIDE IN HIS OWN AREA"??

Cook. "Lawks, Matilda!! If 'ere ain't the mister a-lin an' settled 'isself down in the airey!!!"

To have an additional commissioner in permanent residence there would lead to unpleasantness on both sides.

Business done—Report stage of Army and Navy Votes.

MUSIC.

(In the manner of "The Morning Post.")

LOHENGGRIN AT COVENT GARDEN.

WAGNER's *Lohengrin* was performed last night—needless to say not for the first time; but it is only just to remark that in this case familiarity with the work was not allowed to engender any negligence in the representation, and at every turn indications were not lacking of conscientious preparation.

Special interest attached to the performance in that on this occasion M. Paprika, the eminent Bulgarian baritone, made his London *début* in the rôle of *Telramund*. As the unfortunate Brabantian nobleman M. Paprika created on the whole a highly favourable impression, and he undoubtedly enhanced the efficacy of his interpretation by his judicious sartorial equipment, which evinced a regard for detail not always observable in lyric artists. Thus the sinister attributes of the part were cleverly indicated by the choice of a steeple-crowned beaver hat, a purple toga and a Roman sword, the whole being set off by a pair of weirdly suggestive red sandals. M. Paprika's voice is of sonorous quality and his enunciation is commendably articulate. Altogether this estimable artist must be reckoned a decided acquisition to the company. The *Elsa* of Madame Joska Pipitoff is too well known to demand a meticulous survey of its many excellences, vocal and histrionic. Suffice it to observe that she acquitted herself in a manner which fully justified the plaudits bestowed on her efforts by the influential audience who witnessed her meritorious rendition. The same remarks, when the appropriate modifications involved in the discrepancy between the rôles have been made, can be fittingly applied to the *Lohengrin* of the cast, M. Ingo Brobiloff, the capable Lithuanian tenor, whose engagement by the opera syndicate has been signally vindicated on so many occasions by his industrious co-operation. The part of the *King* was safe in the vocal cords of Signor Annibale Tarabuso, and an efficient *Herald* was forthcoming in Mr. Mario Carkeek, a Californian singer of approved talent and urbane deportment. Commendation is also due to the operatic taxidermist responsible for the appearance of the swan, whose gestures were permeated with an instinct for refined gentility. The performance was conducted by Signor Bartolommeo Bolcione, whose artistic ideals and temperament were manifested at every point in the choice of tone values, the manipulation of his bâton, and the vitality which he contrived to impart to the conceptions of the meritorious and distinguished composer with the execution of whose elegant score he was entrusted.

"In the House of Lords this evening Mr. Asquith said he was satisfied that in the interests of this country it was desirable we should have a properly constituted Second Chamber."—*Manchester Evening News*.

A coward would have been satisfied to say it in the House of Commons.



First Bored Undergraduate. "HAVE A CIGARETTE, OLD MAN!"

Second Bored Undergraduate. "NO, THANKS."

First Bored Undergraduate. "SLACKER!"

TO THE FOOD OF THE GODS.

Nor when I listen to the lively prattle
Of her, my charming neighbour on the right,
Wond'ring meanwhile if this response or that 'll
Bore her the less (I am not very bright,
Not when I feed;
One thing well done best fits the island breed);

Nor yet when with a face that's far too fervent
I do say something, talking through my hat
(No, not my hat; I left this with a servant,
But talking hopeless piffle, call it that),
Not then, not thus,
Come to my plate, thou rare asparagus!

Nor later, when I woo the lovely creature
Sitting upon my left, a larger care—
How shall I tackle her? What current feature
Of art, of politics, shall melt this fair
Statue in pink?

One hurried almond first, one hasty drink,

Then to the charge (we might try state insurance)—
But not, as I've observed, at times like these,
When I am bound so fast in siren-durance,
Most fair of herbs, most beautiful of trees
That garden ground
Gives to the dinner-board, be handed round!

But rather, when the waves of witticism,
The floods of repartee, have left me lone,
Enisled amid the surges, when the lissome
Fair that I lugged to table, having shown
Signs of fatigue,
Has turned to form elsewhere some faint intrigue,

And she, the still more fair, but slightly serious,
The unessayed as yet, has not been loosed
From adoration by a swain imperious—
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis as I roost—
Then, in that calm,
Come to my aching lips, thou buttered balm.

Then I can do thee justice, thou immortal
And juicy seedling; I can lightly run
Thy hanging heads into the proper portal,
Holing them almost every time in one.

Therefore I say,
Be served while no young women glance my way.
EVOE.

"Yonder (11-9) (Mr. Brassey up) fell when beaten 20 lgths at Aldershot by Yonder (9-11) (2 ran)." — *Evening Times*.

It is only on the rare occasions when the whole field consists of Yonders that the plunger is absolutely safe.

PASTURES NEW.

THERE are times when I tire of adding up figures, or weighing out tea, or whatever you like to suppose my present occupation to be; and then I dream dreams, in which I imagine myself translated to a higher and more congenial sphere of activity. Now I am a popular Actor-Manager, now a Prime Minister, and in even more reckless moments editor of *The Observer*. But sooner or later, having finished dreaming, I turn to solid reality, and glance through the "Situations Vacant" column of my daily paper to discover what I actually might be if I wasn't what I am.

I thought I had "found myself" (as the biographers say) the other morning when the following advertisement caught my eye:—

"Electric Jib Crane Driver wanted. Must be experienced and willing to make himself generally useful. Apply Box 2,357, General Post Office."

The possibilities inherent in such a situation so fired my imagination that I determined to lose no time in applying for it, and sat down at once to write the necessary letter. The beginning caused me the most trouble. How, I wondered, did one address a Box? "Dear Box," or "Dear Box 2,357," sounded a little familiar; "Dear Sir or Madam as the Box may hold" seemed too impersonal; and the task of writing more than two lines in the third person is one from which I have always shrunk. In the end I decided to risk the assumption that the occupant of the Box was a man, and wrote as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you require an experienced chauffeur for your electric jib crane, I beg to offer my services. I am thoroughly acclimatized to electric jib cranes of almost every make—Daimler, Remington, Heidsieck, and so on. For the past year I have been driving Mr. ASQUITH about in a single-house-power Viteau, without a brake, but fitted with a patent anti-suffragette. The latter, however, was recently put out of action by a bomb, and since then I have resigned the post. I should be quite willing to make myself generally useful about the house and grounds, and could take a hand at Bridge in cases of emergency. Salary is not so much an object with me as a comfortable, Christian home.—Yours, etc."

I waited several days for a reply, but strangely enough none was forthcoming. Little rebuffs like that, however, were not going to deter me, so I tried in another direction. This time nothing on the list caught my fancy

till I came to the V's, when I lighted upon this:—

"Varnish-Maker. Man used to gum-running. State wages, with full particulars, to the Stickey Business Development Co., High Street, Bermondsey."

To which I replied:—

'DEAR SIR,—Varnish has always exercised a great fascination over me, and, although I have no first-hand acquaintance with its manufacture, I have often stood for hours watching the decoration of a shop-front with the substance in whose development your firm has played so conspicuous a part. When they come to putting in the wriggly lines, nothing could ever induce me to move on. As for the special qualifications you demand in your advertisement, I may mention that I did a good deal of gum-running in the South African War, which, as you may remember, was brought to a successful conclusion. I am a constant speaker at our local Debating Society, can play easy accompaniments, and should require a commencing salary of £500 (five hundred pounds) a year.—Yours, etc."

When nothing came of this either, I left the "Situations Vacant" column pretty severely alone for some considerable time. The other day, however, I happened to look through it again, and my apathy completely vanished when I found the following:—

"Smart Young Gentleman wanted, to learn duties as assistant manager for theatrical business. Wear evening dress. Premium required. Apply Hy. Knutt, 763A, Charing Cross Road."

It was, I need hardly say, the evening dress that did it. Who could resist such an inducement? Not I, for one. With almost feverish haste I wrote to Mr. Knutt, adapting the tone of my letter to the character of the profession I had always longed to enter.

"MY DEAR HY," I said,— "I was no end bucked at seeing your little advert. in to-day's rag. It's the very thing I've been looking for. I'm just dying to be an assistant theatrical manager, and help the governor stroll round the house every evening and chat with the pretty programme-girls and swear at the plain ones. And evening dress, too! Do you think I might wear a white waistcoat? If so, I wouldn't mind paying a little bit extra in premium. So long, Hy., old pal. Write soon. How are Thos., Chas., and Jno.?—Ever yours, etc."

This morning I got Hy.'s reply.

"What do you say," he inquired, "to a little bit of dinner at the Rococo

to-morrow evening? We could then fix up things over a bottle of the best. I may tell you that I picked your application out of several hundred I have received for the post, for which you seem to have exactly the right qualities. Wire me what time to meet you, and if you bring your cheque-book the business can all be finished with on the spot.—Yours, HY. KNUTT."

But I'm not wiring him. I can't stand the food at the Rococo.

AN APPALLING CONTINGENCY.

[Suggested by the theory recently put forward that, in the modern drama, other motives are tending to displace the hitherto supreme "love interest," and that in the play of the future the appeal to the amorous emotions will be less and less in evidence.]

WE English are a sober race,
And yet, beneath our colder
fashions,

I've always held that one could
trace

The stirrings of volcanic passions,
For which our Drama, though
derided,

A sentimental safety-valve provided;

That, though a prudent mother-wit
Ruled drably o'er our actual
doings,

When settled in the stalls or pit
We gave ourselves to loves and
wooings,

To plighted troths and secret
meetings,

Elovements, vows, and amorous en-
treatings;

And thereby managed to assuage
Our wilder moods and reckless
feelings,

Which otherwis might start to
rage

In all Life's ordinary dealings;
To give the theory brief expression:
Love on the stage, but in our lives
Discretion.

Hence with your loveless plays one
sees

Arrive a dark and horrid doubtlet:
What of our hidden passions, please,

When you've removed their an-
cient outlet?

Is every Briton, wise or stupid,
To wander blindly in the toils of Cupid?

Heaven forbid! No, give us still
The themes and plots of orthodoxy,

And let us take our modest fill
Of passion, as it were, by proxy;

The play's the place for Cupid's
antics,

Else in our lives we all become
Romantics!

FLIGHTS OF IMAGINATION.

THE following political competitions have been arranged in consequence of the successful aeroplane flights of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. MCKENNA:—

1. PUBLIC ASCENTS OF BALLONS d'ESSAI, to ascertain the current of general opinion. Liberation of canards.

2. WINDBAG COMPETITIONS (unrestricted as to time or volume).—Contest between speeches lighter than air and heavier than air. Flights of oratory.

3. SOARING COMPETITIONS for young M.P.'s.

4. GENERAL ATTEMPT TO FLY TO WESTMINSTER. Prize, £400 a year.—Successful candidates will be expected to steer subsequently in any direction indicated by the Party Whips.

5. ALTITUDE CONTEST.—Elevation of 500 Liberals to the House of Lords.

6. IMMIGRATION CONTEST (for Aliens only).—Candidates to attempt to fly over London and drop explosives at various vital centres. No restrictions. (Gentlemen desiring assistance will obtain fullest information from the Home Office.)

7. LADIE'S CONTEST.—An aeroplane of the Suffragette (PANKHURST-DESPARD) type will manoeuvre in the air over Radical meetings and drop handbills and other missiles. In conjunction with the Police Air-ship Sports. (The public are warned that this event is dangerous.)

8. NON-STOP EVENT.—An attempt will be made by a body of Conservative Members to send up the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER permanently in a balloon.

9. BACK-TO-THE-LAND COMPETITION (for Beginners).—This explains itself.

ANOTHER LIBEL.

"I SHALL have to sell the pup," said James.

"Funks, does he?" I asked.

"Not he," he said indignantly. "He'd face a polar bear if I asked him to."

A horrible suspicion seized me.

"You've been trying," I asked, "to teach him to beg, and he's refused to sacrifice his self-respect?"

"Of course not. You know I don't believe in indiscriminate charity."

"Well, then, what's the trouble?"

"He has libelled me."

"What! does he write fiction, too?" I exclaimed. "The young dog!"

"There are more ways of libelling a man," said James, "than painting him as the villain of a story; to which I agreed, for, since the discovery of a false rhyme in my poem 'To Araminta,' I had lived in hourly expectation of an



"MOTHER, I KNOW WHAT ELEPHANT'S TUSKS ARE MADE OF."

"WHAT, DEAR?"

"WHY, PAPER KNIVES."

action from some lady of that name for implying that she mixed with poets of defective culture.

"The other day," James went on, "I lost him. I searched for him, and found him searching for me outside the Criterion Bar, which, as you know, is situated in one of our busiest thoroughfares."

"Wonderful instinct dogs have," I suggested. "He knew it was useless going in as he was under fourteen."

"I call it a nasty underhand way

of getting revenge for being lost," grumbled James. "Everybody who saw him concluded I was drinking at ten o'clock in the morning, when, as a matter of fact, I was in the post-office."

"It is often called buying a stamp," I admitted.

"Anyhow, my character's gone, and the pup will have to go too. I shall, of course, take no legal action."

And so I got it cheap; and a very good pup, too.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

VI.—STEAMSHIPS.

To the vast influx of visitors to the Coronation from other countries and the circumstance that few of them fly or swim, but instead use steamships, must be attributed the fascinatingly veracious article which follows. The reason that no errors are to be discerned in it is due to the fact that the proofs have been rigorously read by well-known experts. Thus, Mr. MONTAGU HOLBEIN and Sir ARTHUR WING PINERO have revised the section which deals with the Cross and Mid-Channel services. If any reference to rackets is found here it will have been first scrutinised by WILLIAMS, while the long dissertation on Lloyd's rates for insuring the Heraldic Jall on a sea passage is the work of Sir ALFRED SCOTT GATTY, Garter King-at-Arms, but may, of course, be cut out by the editor at the last moment. The historical section has been supervised by Sir KYLOE WATTS (the descendant of Sir ISAAC WATTS, the inventor of the steam-kettle), Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD, Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN and other authorities on shipping.

HISTORY.

The first steamship was built on the Thames. Hence the phrase "Old as the HILLS." She was of only 200 tons burthen and was christened *Dread-most-things-but-particularly-the-open-sea*. This name was given to her by the VENERABLE BEDE, who broke over her bows a bottle of vintage metheglin in the presence of the very flower of art, literature and politics. From this simple vessel grew the gigantic fleet that now ploughs the waves in every direction and harrows the stomachs of all poor sailors on board.

The largest Atlantic liner that exists is the *Dollarmania*, recently launched by the celebrated American firm of Cramp, of Philadelphia. The *Dollarmania* is exactly half-a-mile long. She has six funnels, a permanent theatrical company, a morning and evening paper, a polo ground, and a golf course. Her chef receives £4,000 a year.

PURPOSE AND USE.

Steamships go all over the world, except to the coast of Bohemia. There was a line thither in SHAKSPEARE'S time, but it has since been discontinued. There are even steamships on the Swiss and Italian lakes, greatly to the perplexity of tourists, who cannot think how they got there.

The only way to get to certain places is by steamship—the West

Indies, for example. The West Indies, whose motto (an adaptation of an old Spanish phrase) is *Hava bañana*, are famous for fruit, a Socialistic government, and periodical visits from Mr. x x x x x x x x x x (the author of *Fanny's First Play*), and teams of jocular but not quite first-class cricketers. Steamships that succeed in avoiding a collision with the Bermudas take one to the West Indies in about ten days. Other places which one may visit in steamships are Calais, Ryde and Margate. Few trips are more popular than that to Calais, a famous French seaport once celebrated for duels, and now for a sprightly French dance named after it—the Pas de Calais. Ryde has been wittily called the Calais of the Isle of Wight, a piece of land entirely surrounded by water, lying to the south of England and dependent upon steamships not only for the visitors, by whom it subsists, but for many of the necessities of life, which it offers for sale at an enormous profit. Margate differs from Calais and Ryde in that it may also be reached from London by land; but only the intrepid make the journey.

Steamships carry not only their precious freight of human and American souls, but also merchandise and things to eat. Foreexample, without steamships we should get no eggs from Denmark, or, at any rate, they would not be worth getting when we got them. Nor should we be able to correspond freely with our distant relations and send remittances to Queensland and British Columbia.

It is steamships that bring us currants from Greece, and slippers from Morocco, and sprouts from Brussels, and tenors from Italy, and creepers from Virginia, and crosses from Malta, and blinds from Venice.

MAL-DE-MER.

Few persons can travel by steamship without suffering from the horrid complaint to which the above delicate French name has been given. It was first discovered by the famous Carthaginian navigator, HANNO, who in his *Periplus* has a most moving chapter on the subject, headed *Sic Transit*. See also the refined article, "Storm-pan," by Professor Onotis P. Flagler, in the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

CREW.

No steamship is complete without an engineer and stoker. Captains are carried on Atlantic liners to be pleasant to important passengers. In addition, every ocean greyhound (as they are facetiously called) has on board a marconigraph-operator in case the

Wall Street magnates should feel bored, or captains should wish to communicate with the daily papers. The voyage from England to America is performed by the *Dollarmania* in three days, all of which are spent either in entertainments in the saloons or in wagering on the day's run.

UNWRITTEN LAWS.

Albatross-shooting, especially with cross-bows, is discountenanced.

When any steady run of bad luck is encountered it is wise to look about for the most likely Jonah-man and throw him overboard.

Ships that pass in the night need not exchange bows.

Theatrical passengers address all stokers as "Bram."

Donkey-engines have horse-power allowed them by courtesy.

AWA FRAE GOWRIE.

(Lowland Love-Song).

SHE wis never that young, she wis never just that bonny,
An' it's nae the bawbees, for she's no had ony

This seventeen year,
Yet it's oh but I'm sawer
Tae pairt frae ma jo Annie Powrie;
She's fair past wurk,—though she's but fuffy-three,
An' they've taen her till the infirmarie,
An' wha's tae rax me ma dish o' tea,

When she's awa' frae Gowrie?

I've pawned her puckle gear, an' I've drinkt her bit beddin',
An' the auld black gown that she wore tae wir weddin',
An' her stufit chair,
Still it's eh but I'm sair

Tae twine frae ma jo Annie Powrie;
The doctor says that she's gey far through,
But wha's tae dig the croft i' the noo,
An' wha's tae bed me the nights I'm fou,

When she's awa' frae Gowrie?

She was wattit tae the bane at the tattie-sawin'

I' the spring o' the year when the win' wis blawin'
O' a cauld-rife airt,
An' it's wae is ma hairt
Tae twine frae ma jo Annie Powrie;
They're tellin' aye that she's like tae dee,

Nae an unco' thing as ye'll agree,
But wha's tae fend for the pig an' me,

Gin she's awa' frae Gowrie?



FANCY PICTURE OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE WHICH DECIDES THE FASHIONS FOR NEXT SEASON.

TRUE LOVE.

I SING of bed, for topics fail,
And sing I must and will.
The broken heart is getting stale,
The moon is staler still.
The kiss is clearly oversung,
The thread of love is bared,
And nothing beats a pair of sheets
(Providing they are aired).

When I was young and full of sense
I tried to climb a tree,
But, owing to incompetence,
I fell and broke a knee.
I lay in bed for weeks and weeks;
The thing became a craze.
Unhappy me, that I might be
Back in those good old days!

There are who wag untiring jaws
And hardly ever cease
To clamour hotly in the cause
Of Universal Peace.
These blame the darned inventiveness
Of MAXIM and of KRUPP;
They should taboo the villain who
Invented getting up.

I know a man who loves a face,
But yet his love is such
That he can leave it for a space
Nor miss it overmuch.

To leave my bed at any time
I am extremely loath;
And that is clear to all who hear
My matutinal oath.

And if at times I should suggest
That we might well arrange
To give our love a little rest,
And give ourselves a change:
Where wives would make domestic
scenes,
Fiancées sulk or pout,
It does not cry or even try
To follow me about.

The tepid lover asks a lot
But takes what he can get.
Such I, most certainly, am not,
"And yet," say you, "and yet
Those charms which you would
emphasise
You carelessly forego;
The night is sped; you're not in bed!"
I answer, "See below."

We poets labour overtime
That so our pots may boil.
As bait to catch the elusive rhyme
We use the midnight oil.
We cannot always practise what
In theory we discuss;
But anyhow I'll do it now,
And clinch the matter thus:—

They say that Daisy is a dear,
That Mabel is a treat;
They rhapsodize of Elsie's ear,
They rave of Phyllis' feet;
They say that Rose's cheeks are pink,
That Sally's eyes are brown. . . .
For all I know that may be so;
Give me my eiderdown.

The procession of medical students
which got into trouble on the occasion
of their protest against Dr. MACAURA,
was headed by men carrying a coffin.
This does not strike us as a particularly
happy symbol of their profession.

Extract from *The Liverpool Evening Echo* on the subject of the Nottingham
petition:—"The judges issued warrants
for the apprehension of two men,
GEORGE SHAW and public-houses." If
our contemporary has not given the
second man a name, it has certainly
given him a "local habitation."

"The engine will be painted in special colours,
and the boiler will be furnished with brass
bands."—*Locomotive Magazine*.

The way boilers are pampered now-
a-days is disgusting. Time was when
they had to be contented with a simple
whistle.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is good to find that the author of *The Professional Aunt* has written another book at least equally delightful. She calls it *People of Popham* (CONSTABLE). As to what it is about, that is a different matter; for the greater part, nothing whatever happens to anybody of whom it treats; but it is impossible to be annoyed with Mrs. GEORGE WEMYSS over this, or to attempt to hurry things by skipping, because on almost every page you are given some quite delightful bit of observation or quaint, unexpected humour, which alone would be worth the whole plot of half the novels in any publisher's list. There was once a village called Popham, and some nice friendly human people lived in it. This is the matter of the book; and of course you will say *Cranford* at once; to which I reply that Mrs. WEMYSS has no cause to be frightened even at this comparison. There is, in short, a quality about her work which can only be expressed by one rather over-used word—charm. One feels that she could write about a railway goods-station—the most uninteresting thing I can think of for the moment—and make you feel that it was one of the compensations of life. When you have read the book and chuckled time after time over its tender and wholly inconsequential humour (Mrs. WEMYSS writes exactly like a very nice woman talking), you will see that all I have said about its attractiveness is thoroughly deserved.

Doubting, as I do, whether fifty per cent. of women care much about a man's looks, I find it a little difficult to believe in the tragic situation of Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON's hero in *The Garden of Resurrection* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). Possessing fifteen hundred a year and a beautiful, if slightly mawkish, disposition, he ought, for all his ugliness, to have found a few ladies not wholly indifferent to him before the book opened. I am afraid it was the fact that pretty women did not notice him in the street which really got upon his nerves. But barring this criticism I am extremely grateful to the writer of a very pleasant story. Readers of his former books will not be surprised to find plenty of humorous and subtle observations in this one, and *Belwattle*, the wife of the unlovely gentlemen's friend, *Moza* his man, and, above all, *Dandy* his dog, are delightfully sketched characters. But why, oh why must we have this superfluity of sentiment over flowers? I dare not conjecture what a primrose by the river's brim would have meant to most of the people in this book, and I am sure they would have burst into tears at the sight of an auricula. Even a "plain blunt man," I think, should set some limit to his raptures on being intro-

duced to an herbaceous border, or (unless he is in for a competition) at the contemplation of a sweet pea. The hero's favourite apothegm apparently (since he quotes it twice) is the line from *The Blue Bird*, "There are no Dead," a thought which appears to me neither new enough nor true enough to get very excited about.

If the unsophisticated schoolgirl still exists, to her, no doubt, *Winding Paths* (HURST AND BLACKETT) will make its instant appeal. And so much success is by no means to be grudged Miss GERTRUDE PAGE, for, though the loves of her heroines are not wholly innocent, her style is sound, her grammar irreproachable, her moral good and her heart obviously in the right place. Moreover her humour is, in its quieter moments, attractive and her presentation of character illuminating. But amongst men of the world the book will, I am afraid,

Draw the tear from many an eye,
But not the tear of sympathy.

Its reasoning upon the bigger issues of the day is a little too near the fatuous, and its people are overbusy in stifling sobs, wincing and burying their heads in their hands. Particularly, there is Mr. *Alymer Hernox*, a magnificently proportioned Adonis in appearance and a barrister by profession. Having been called for some two years and being still well under thirty, he has yet leapt to the foremost rank among juniors, and that by his personal beauty and "quiet dignity" alone, without having to worry, apparently, over the stuffy intricacies of the law. It is impossible to read with proper solemnity the account of this remarkable young gentleman pleading, in the last chapter, "with a noble, resolute face, in the oppressive hush of that crowded hall," pleading, "while everything in heaven and earth seemed to have stopped to listen," and pleading, of course, with inevitable but miraculous success. But the schoolgirl above mentioned, in her ignorance of such "halls," may well go to this one and be there blissfully and harmlessly entranced.

From a letter in the *South African War Cry* :—

"Whilst hovering around a pretty place called Queenstown I have been attracted to the square with five sides, designated the 'Hexagon.'"

The neatest definition of a hexagon we have seen.

From a programme of addresses arranged by the C.I.C.C.U.:—

"May 28th, Dr. T. Jay's. 'Where Satan's Seat Is.' In the Henry Martin Hall."

This will come as a surprise to many.



NERVE-TRYING.

Gladys (to aeroplaning friend). "I DO LOVE TO SEE THE GULLS FLYING ABOUT!"

Aeroplaning Friend. "OH, COME AWAY, DO! I CAN'T STAND WATCHING THEM! THEY OUGHTN'T TO BE OUT IN THIS WIND!"